The Middletown Transcript.

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Hardware, Stoves, Tin, &c.

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Agricultural Implements,

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Tin Ware of every description made to order and repairing of all kinds promptly attended to.

LINDLEY & KEMP.

March 17, 1877. tf

Select Poetry.

AT THE LAST.

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is holy, but a holier charm
Lies folded close in Evening's robe of balm,
And weary man must ever love her best,
For morning calls to toil, but Night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer;
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eyes of day in peace.

All things are hushed before her as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calmer beauty and a power
That Morning knows not, in the Evening hour!

Until the Evening we must weep and toil
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil—
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide,
Like Summer Evening, down the golden tide,
And leave behind us, as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping clay.

LIFE.

What is life? a strange commingling—
Lights and shadows, hopes and fears;
Piercing thorns and bright-hued flowers,
Bridal wreaths and widow's tears.

Select Story.

Lottie's Walk to Boston.

It was 9 o'clock in the morning. By the roadside sat a little child. A rough looking man came driving slowly by. He had red hair, a thick red beard, and light blue eyes, so light that they seemed almost white.

The man was nearly at his journey's end, but something in the child's face attracted his attention. Perhaps it was because he had a little girl in his rough home that he had left a few hours ago, and the pitiful expression in this young face touched his father-heart

Almost instinctively he stopped his tired horse and looked down upon her. He saw that she was pretty. Her large dark eyes were raised fearlessly. Her little blue check sun-bonnet had fallen to her shoulders, and the thick, flat, brown curls were plastered on her forehead by the perspiration caused by walking in the sun.

Presently a clear, musical voice reached his ear.

"Is Boston very far off, now?"

"My next stopping place, puss. Are you going to Boston? There's only the long bridge, 'way yonder, to cross and you're there"

The child drew a long sigh of relief. "I'm so tired," she said. "Guess I'll rest a little longer."

"Where did ye come from?" asked the drover.

"'Way from Thornville," mentioning a town about twelve miles off; and she lifted her old sun-bonnet to its proper place, and tied the strings.

The drover took his basket which was filled with crackers and ham and cheese, and as the place happened to be somewhat secluded, he clambered down from the high wagon, and seated himself beside the child.

"Hungry?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said she, simply.

"Then eat;" and he filled her hands with crackers. "So you're going to Boston—such a mite as you? Well, well!"

"I'm going to Dr. Iris. Do you know him?" queried the girl eagerly. "He lives on Tremont street, and he fixes people's eyes. That's all he does do. One of the neighbors told my mother about it, and she said he almost makes the blind see. I walked all the way from Thornville."

"You walked?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you set out?"

"Yesterday, in the afternoon. Mother thinks I spent the night at Cousin Sarah's, and I did mean to, because I wanted her to go with me; but she was sick, so I came right on."

"Whew! Walked from there, eh? Where did you spend the night?"

"In a barn"

"What? In a barn? Well, you're one of 'em. You mother must hev a sight of faith in you."

"O, she don't know it. I mean she don't know I've come all this way. I stay sometimes at Cousin Sarah's. And there's Betty at home—she's my sister—and though she is lame, she can do a good bit; but I couldn't bear to see mother suffer so."

"If that don't beat all?" exclaimed the drover, after a long stare of admiration. "She's the pluckiest little critter ever I did see. Well, all I hope is that you may do what you come for; but I don't know. Dr Iris, I suppose, is one of them rich fellers that want big fees."

"But I don't want him to come for nothing," said the child.

"Don't?"

"No; I'll pay him when I am grown up."

"Well, that's too good!" he roared. "I'm blessed if ever I saw anything so funny in all my born days. A kitten like you talking about paying when you're grown up. How old may you be now, Miss—Miss"

"My name's Lottie, and I'm 9 next May," said the child with a series manner, and nothing daunted by his air of amused interest.

"Well, well, I never!" muttered the drover, raising and stretching his brawny frame. "But come, I'll give you a ride as far as Boston, any way;" and the next moment he lifted her, as if she had been a feather, and placed her on the seat beside him.

So they jogged along behind the staid old horses, while the man pointed out the sights. Everything was novel and delightful to the little woman. The long bridge, the sparkling water, the vessels, and sail-boats, and steam-tugs, the glint of the sun upon the river, the fine carriages that rolled past them. Everything she saw she treasured, that she might carry the picture home fresh to her mother, and beguile the long, dark painful hours with the story of her experience.

Leaving her with some pennies in her hand, and as near to the place of her destination as he conveniently could, the drover went on, quite lost in admiration of this brave little soul, and Lottie began to look about her.

The noise of the streets, the hurrying, jostling throngs, the cries and clamor of the news venders and street merchants disconcerted her a little. In all her life she had never seen such bewilderingly beautiful things as the shop windows displayed It was as good as a trip into fairy-land, and a thrill of genuine pleasure caused her for a moment to forget the respousibility of the errand she had taken upon herself.

It was a long time before she found the location she desired, and then, poor child, she lingered about the door with the sensitive fear of a novice. She had pictured to herself so terrible an object, terrible mainly because of the dignity and power with which she had invested the skillful oculist, who could do, it seemed to her almost what he would with disease—she had so pictured him, I say, that the thought of meeting such greatness—embodied, probably, in the form of a tall, princely personage, who would scarcely deign to look upon her—caused her poor little heart to throb almost to suffocation. At last she summoned sufficient courage to pull the door-bell. A handsome, motherly-looking woman opened the door, for the doctor's servant who usually attended to that duty, was busy putting the doctor's horse in harness.

"I don't think the doctor can see you now, little girl," said the housekeeper, looking somewhat disdainfully upon the small figure and the homely cap-bonnet, in whose darkening shadow the soft brown eyes were almost hidden from sight.

"Oh, please let me speak to him just a moment? I came all the way from Thornville, and I have not any where to go."

She burst into tears The sob and the pathos of the child's heart had penetrated into the interior of the house.

"Who is it, Mrs. Sanderson?" spoke up a singularly manly voice, as some one crossed the hall.

"Only a little girl, sir. She's come a good distance, she says, but as it is after hours, I thought—"

"Never mind, let her come in; I'll give her a minute or two."

Another second, and Lottie, her brain all in a whirl, found herself breathless and trembling in a bright looking room, standing in the presence of a slender, light-haired gentleman, whose smiling eyes, like two benignant suns, seemed to send light and cheer into the poor, cold, frightened little heart.

"Well, anything the matter with your eyes, little woman? Come here and let me see."

Lottie, too much frightened to speak, went forward mechanically.

"They don't like it. Suppose you take off your bonnet, and let me examine them more closely."

"It isn't my eyes, sir; it's mother's," she said, falteringly.

"Oh, and who is mother?"

"It is Mrs. Gaddis, sir; and we live in Thornville."

"We do?—but that is a long distance from here."

"Only a few miles, sir; I walked in since yesterday."

"Walked?—come in, John, in a few moments," he added, as the servant came to the door. "Did you say you walked?"

"Yes, sir. I felt so bad for mother, because she can't sew any more, and that's the way she earns our living For Betty is lame in the hip and can't go out to service, and mother, now she can't see very well, cries a good deal to think she can't work, and that makes her eyes worse. I thought if you'd give me something for them that would cure her I would thank you so much, and if you would please wait till I am grown up I would surely pay you the money for it—I would be certain to pay you every cent"

The doctor looked her all over, from the curly crown to the coarse shoes, all dusty and travel-worn. Then something came into his eyes which he winked away, and he put his hand on the child's head.

"You're a very brave little girl," he said, and that was all. She dared not raise her eyes to his face, while he drew on his long riding-gloves She did not see the pressure of his lips, and then the half-amused smile that curled them as he looked forward to the growing up of the mite who stood trembling before him.

"Come!" he said in a voice that made her start and thrill to the heart with joy, though she did not know why. But she looked up and saw that he was moving toward the door

"I'm going to see your mother," he said, smiling like a prince, and O what pleasant eyes he had! They seemed as they might look life into poor eyes that were dead.

"Seven years ago," he said, "I was in Thornville, and wearied out with a very long walk. I was a student then, and I stopped at a cottage door and rested. A sweet-faced woman, with a little girl in her arms, gave me some cool fresh milk to drink. Who knows but it was your mother?"

He took her hand in his, and to the surprise of the portly housekeeper, led the little girl, with her homely frock and her old sun-bonnet, to his wide, substantial buggy. Then, placing her carefully upon the seat, he got in beside her, and they went off together.

The afternoon sun sent his mild beams over the country lanes and fields, when at last little Lottie, her scheme triumphant, drove up to the cottage door. They found the widow in terrible consternation, and Betty, the lame girl crying, for news had just come that Lottie had gone off to the city by herself, and the fond mother pictured all sorts of catastrophies for her child. But when the doctor told his story and presented the brave little girl, the mourning turned into joy.

No pains were spared to restore the sight to the eyes diseased by overwork and tears. The doctor adopted the whole family in fact; procured help for Betty, a nurse for the mother, and the benefit of a good school for little Lottie. And sometimes he tells her he is waiting very patiently for her to grow up, that she may fulfil her promise, and pay him for having restored her mother's sight, and I have not the least doubt in the world but she will do it.

The Seamstress Unpaid.

BY MRS. LUCY E. SANFORD.

"Error is wrought by want of thought,
As well as want of heart."

She was just an average American girl But on this last day of girlhood, when her face beamed with love and her tears and smiles seemed frolicing with each other, she was very pretty and sweet.

The home was full of kinsfolk, and bustle, and merriment, and life-long mates, who came with good wishes, good byes and bridal gifts.

And on that morning came a lone woman; thin and pale, weary and worn she was. Very quietly she lay down her heavy bundle.

"I could not leave Mamie, last night, to bring them," she said gently.

"Oh! I knew you'd come; you never disappoint anybody," said the happy girl, opening the bundle. "How beautifully you have made them! Kate, Louise, see how nicely Mrs. Allen sews"

"I speak for your needle when I get married!" cried one.

"And I!" laughed the other.

Mrs. Allen heeded not, scarcely heard. All about her brought back so vividly the little while ago when she too stood between the old life and the new, and her whole soul quivered with happiness; when she too leaned, with a full love and trust, on one good, kind and true. Then she heard that shrill whistle of the proud locomotive; saw it bound down the deep, dark gorge; heard those shrieks and moans and groans Then she thought of that grave, flower-covered now, where, with a breaking heart, she had laid that broken body, thanking God her own beloved would suffer no more, and thence came forth to suffer alone. Then came a sweet thought of the dear little girl who, in that hour of bitter sorrow, was her joy: for whom she lived on then, and for whom (since, in the panic, her means had all been lost) she had labored. As thoughts of *her*—her stimulant, her idol, her *all*—came upon her, she roused herself to hear:

"I am very much pleased with your work, Mrs. Allen, and I am sorry,—but, really, money slips through one's fingers so at such a time, I haven't any to pay you. Come around to-morrow, and mother will pay you, and give you some flowers and goodies for Mamie."

In a dazed way, Mrs. Allen, half-sick and heart-sick, turned to go, but *could not*, and said falteringly:

"Mamie is sick, and I did hope to get something for her."

"It is too bad! Please go into the store and ask father to pay you. Tell him I sent you."

Mrs. Allen went to the store, and asked for the father He was not in; no one knew where he was. With a slow step, for the heavy heart she took back weighed her down more than the bundle she brought out, she turned to her home. Bewildered by her hopelessness and need of food, life seemed a burden she could bear no longer, and as she crossed her threshold she sank down. But a sweet voice called:

"Mamma, dear mamma, what have you brought me to eat?"

Love winged her tired feet, and she went to a neighbor near,—one who had always been kind to and thoughtful for her. She had never begged, and now she would but borrow. The neighbor had gone to get a present for the bride. She went to the road, looked up and down, then desperately turned back, asked for pencil and paper, and wrote it all.

The neighbor came in late. It had not been easy to find anything the like of which had not been selected by some one; the teapot was smoking and she was chilled, and the family impatient So tea was over and toilets commenced as quickly as possible.

The church and the home were dressed with flowers; the bride looked never so well; the presents were a very medley of rich and simple, useful and useless, delicate and common, but by their number a flattery and a charm. And life and light and joy was in all and over all.

The morning of so bright a night found all the gay town weary and dull and lazy. Over late breakfasts they relived the last evening Half-envious criticism of dress, sarcastic imitation of manners, just and unjust, took the place of the honeyed praises and sweet smiles of the last night.

And the heavens, too, were changed. Where shone the crescent moon and the brilliant stars now were cloud masses charged with snow. Slowly and calmly the storm commenced, heavy and thick it grew. The fierce wind came up and caught the little flakes and hurled them and whirled them about. All the day long, all the night long, earth and air and sky were snow; and nought could be heard but the howling winds.

Much of the dull day and all the night the neighbor had slept, and, with bright eyes and rested body, looked out on the clear, broad, unbroken expanse—pure, clean, white, and dazzling in the sunbeams,—looked across to Mrs Allen's cottage, and at breakfast said to her husband:

"As soon as the snow-ploughs have been along, I wish you would send John over to dig Mrs. Allen's path."

"Certainly, certainly No woman could dig through this snow."

"She just looked sick-a-bed when she was afther writin' her letter to yez," spoke the girl.

"Writing a letter to me! When?"

"When ye's afther buyin' your prisent."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Faith, ma'am, I put it on the rack, where ye always tells me to."

"Go, get it."

She could scarcely read it through her tear-dimmed eyes.

"No wood, no fire, two days ago! And this fearful storm? Why haven't I seen to her! I might have known *she* wouldn't beg. Oh, I wish I had given *her* the money I spent on that *thoughtless* girl!"

The unfinished breakfast was left, and her husband, as anxious as she, with his man, both loaded with food and wood, tramped and shovelled a path through which she waded across with steaming coffee.

They found on the bed, with closed eyes, composed limbs and hands folded across the breast, the loved Mamie.—And by her the mother, turned to ice, kneeling, with clasped hands, upturned eyes, and tear-drops frozen upon her cheeks.

St. Isaac's Church, St. Petersburgh.

By all means mount St. Isaac's, even if you have to stay in all day afterward, for in no other way can you form an adequate notion either of the prodigious audacity which planned a vast city on a wet bog, and at the mercy of both river and sea, or the extent and symmetry and picturesqueness of a city which the Moscow people, sneer at it as they may, find only too successful a rival as the residence of the Court and as the seat of Government. This St. Isaac's Church, built on piles forced deep down into a yielding morass, and continually requiring repairs, from an awkward habit of slipping, has already cost three million sterling, and to an impartial mind is hardly worth the money. It is a four-square building, approached on each side by a grand flight of steps, and supported by a magnificent peristyle of columns sixty feet high, granite monoliths from Finland. There is a central cupola, richly gilt, and supported by thirty granite pillars, the whole surmounted by a golden cross three hundred and sixty feet from the ground. The capitals of the columns are in bronze, and there is much metal ornamentation on the exterior or in the shape of bas-reliefs, statues and busts, a mingling of materials, which, to me seemed infelicitous. Imposing, however, as the exterior undoubtedly is, the interior is yet more striking to an eye accustomed to the austere simplicity of Protestant churches. The walls are of polished marble covered with pictures, many of which are in exquisite mosaic. The roof is pained in fresco. The iconostas, or screens, which in Greek churches separate the body of the church from the sanctuary, are adorned with columns of malachite and labis lazuli, and profuse gliding everywhere gives a rich and splendid effect. Roughly described, St. Isaac's is a sort of dwarfed St. Paul's without a knave or choir, and the Restoration Committee might do worse than study the decoration of St. Isaac's as a possible model for their own cathedral.

Music by Lighting.

When it was first announced that Professor Gray, of Chicago, had invented a method by which sounds could be telegraphed and music played in one city be made audible in another, the public was sceptical. The fact has been demonstrated beyond doubt, and another wonder of electricity revealed. The Boston experiment has been recently repeated successfully in Chicago by Professor Gray, and airs played on the instrument in Milwaukee were telegraphed in sound to the former city, a distance of more than eighty miles. We are glad to learn that New York will soon have an opportunity of listening to this electrical harp. Mr. Maurice Strakosch announces that the powers of the telephone, as the instrument is named, will be tested between Philadelphia and this city, so that persons sitting in our Academy of Music will hear the sweet strains played ninety miles away. The date and the particulars will soon be made known. The invention is so recent that its future uses cannot be predicted, but we may safely believe that it is something more than a scientific toy. When sounds can be transmitted by electricity over vast distances there is a basis for the most astounding development. The time may come when we can talk by lightning and swear by thunder, and even thaf will not be stranger than practical telegraphy itself would have been a hundred years ago. When the voltaic pile was discovered no one dreamed of what Morse could do with it, and it may be that in the control of a Wagner yet unknown the telephone may be the instrument by which the music of the future may be telegraphed simultaneously around the whole world.—*N. Y. Herald.*

HOPE AND FEAR —How lovely is the world when Hope smiles; how unlovely when Fear scowls. Enveloped in Hope, the soul glorifies its own existence; shrouded in Fear, it doubts that existence. They are as light and darkness; we are never away from one or the other. One moment the world is an Eden to us, the next moment life is a desert in the universe of nothingness Hope and fear are as the winds that come and go at will. We cannot control our moods. The philosophy is to bear them What people call "the blues," and they constitute a terrible malady, are a malady of the mind. The agencies which produce it are invisible. We seem to have absorbed a deadly ether, which prostrates us, robs us of all Hope and fills us with all Fear. These conflicting emotions are an inheritance; they existed in the first man and will exist in the last. Like other fatalities in this strange life of ours, they are unevenly distributed. Some souls almost live perpetually in the atmosphere of Hope; they are the souls that live most in the sunshine, in the fresh air, in the heart of Nature; they are the souls that work honestly and earnestly. The sick soul—and our souls can be much more sickly than our bodies—does not live in the sunshine, breathes not fresh air, loves not Nature, toils not with the heart in its work—This is the soul afflicted with "the blues." Do the afflicted understand this philosophy? It is simple. Practice it. Be healed.

They tell of a prominent grocer who carried to a funeral an umbrella on which was conspicuously painted the business of his house, and held it over the preacher's head while he conducted the service.

BEAUTY.—Pretty woman are spoken of as if they, of all others, were the elect; as if woman's sole claim to admiration rested on her possession of fine eyes or luxuriant hair. "Is she pretty?" is the first question asked concerning a new acquaintance, as though that embraced the whole subject. If a man likes a woman he generally considers her "pretty," for the term is merely conventional. A pretty woman in the private lexicon of masculinity, signifies a woman interesting from whatever cause. Who has not known women to be called pretty that could hardly boast of a single handsome feature? Who has not been acquainted with those enjoying a wide reputation for prettiness that had almost any other than a physical charm? She who has a distinctly graceful manner, or an elegant air, or fine tact, or a talent for conversation, or quick sympathies, or cordial ways, or the art of listening well, albeit plain in face and of ordinary figure, is frequently styled pretty, and the adjective is repeated until it is fastened upon and constantly associated with her. Merely pretty women do not rule society—never did and never will. When beauty is allied to pleasant manners, or accomplishments, tact, quick wit, then, indeed, it is all-powerful; otherwise a really plain woman who has conspicuous graces of mind and manner will prove more than a match for her beautiful, insipid sisters.

SELF-HELP.—People who have been bolstered up all their lives are seldom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune comes, they look around for something to cling to or lean upon. If the prop is not there, down they go. Once down they are perfectly helpless, and they cannot find their feet again without assistance Such persons no more resemble men who have fought their way to position, making difficulties their stepping-stones and deriving determination from defeat, than vines resemble oaks, or sputtering rush-lights the stars of heaven Efforts persisted in to achievements train a man to self-reliance, and, when he has proved to the world that he can trust himself, the world will trust him One of the best lessons a father can give his son is this: Work; strengthen your moral and mental faculties as you would strengthen your muscles, by vigorous exercise. Learn to conquer circumstances; you will then be independent of fortune. The men of athletic minds, who left their mark on the years in which they lived, were all trained in a rough school. They did not mount to their high position by the help of leverage; they leaped the chasm, grappled with the opposing rocks, avoided avalanches, and when the goal was reached, felt that but for the toil that strengthened them as they strove it could never have been attained.

BOOKS.—Books are not made for furniture, but there is nothing else that so beautifully furnishes a house. The plainest row of books is more significant of refinement than the most elaborately-carved sideboard. Give us a home furnished with books rather than furniture—both if you can, but books at any rate. To spend several days at a friend's house, and hunger for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets, and sitting on luxurious chairs and sleeping upon down as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are windows through which the soul looks out. A house without them is like a room without windows. No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books, if he has the means to buy them. It is a wrong to his family. Children learn to read through being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading, and grows upon it; and the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitements of passion and vice.

TRICKS OF MANNER.—If it were as easy to drop little personal peculiarities as to acquire them, one need not object so bitterly to forming the habit of indulging tricks of manner. This same habit is universal Looking around among our friends and acquaintances, we shall find scarcely one who has not his favorite word, his perpetual formula, his automatic action, his unmeaning gesture—all tricks caught probably when young, and by not being corrected then, next to impossible to abolish now. Who does not know the familiar 'I say,' as the preface to every remark? and the still more familiar "You know" as the middle term of every sentence? Then there are the people who act as perpetual ejaculation points; who say 'Goodness!' as a mark of surprise, and 'Good gracious!' when surprise is a little mixed with reprobation. Lower in the social scale it is, 'Did you ever!' and indifferently to all stations, 'You don't say so!' Or in a voice of deprecation, 'No!' and 'Surely not!' To judge by voice and word these ejeculatory people are always in a state of surprise. They go through the world in unending astonishment, and their appeals to their goodness and that indeterminate quality called 'Good gracious!' are incessant, and, to people of good taste, annoying.

THE BEAUTY OF HOME.—The beauty of home depends more on educated and refined taste than upon mere wealth. If there is no artist in the house, it matters little that there is a large balance at the bank. There is usually no better excuse for a barren home than ignorance or carelessness. A little mechanical skill can make brackets and shelves for the walls. A thoughtful walk in the woods can gather leaves and lichens and ferns for adorning the unpictured rooms A trifle saved from daily expenses can now and again put a new book upon the table or shelf. The expenditure of a few shillings can convert the plain window into a conservatory.

An Iowa judge has decided that a man may legally kiss a pretty girl if he can swear he thought it was his wife. That decision should be denounced by all good men as an open encouragement of perjury.

The Man with the Arsenic.

About eleven o'clock in the morning a haggard-looking stranger entered a saloon on Grand River avenue and asked for a glass of beer. When his nickel had been raked in the saloonist took his seat and began reading a newspaper.

"Here is my last nickel!" solemnly began the stranger. "When I swallow this beer I am a beggar and an outcast. The world does not care for me—why should I care for the world? I will mix poison with this, my last glass!"

He turned to the man with the paper, but the saloonist didn't seem to care.

"Yes; I will poison myself and die in my tracks!" exclaimed the stranger in a low voice.

The man with the paper didn't look up.

"So here goes to end my worthless self!" continued the stranger as he took out a paper and poured out a white powder into the glass.

"Farewell, cold world, farewell! Let them bury me in the sunshine or the shadow—I care not!"

He drank his beer, but the saloonist had his nose close to the paper and was spelling out a big word. The stranger started for the door, but too mad to contain himself, he returned and demanded,

"Will you sit there and see me poison myself?"

"Have you taken poison?"

"I have?" I just swallowed a fatal dose of arsenic!"

"Good!" chuckled the saloon-keeper, as he rose up. "I have a regular contract with the doctors, and you'll net me twelve dollars. Come in here!"

He grabbed the stranger by the neck and dragged him into a closet at the back end of the room, saying as he locked the door—

"Glad you took arsenic, as it leaves the body in a moist, limber condition!"

The stranger yelled and pounded, and explained that he had swallowed a little chalk powdered up, and after half an hour he was let out.

"You have robbed me of twelve dollars!" bitterly exclaimed the saloonist, and he led the man to the door and gave him a lift with his boot. "Yes, you have robbed me, and now"—

But the stranger left without saying good-bye, and was afterwards heard asking a boy if he knew of any man who wanted to hire a gentleman to spade up a garden.

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.—It is hard for a young mother, who has not yet overcome the wayward tendencies of her own youthful nature, to realize the influence she exerts over her little ones. She is constantly surrounded by critical imitators who copy her morals and manners. As the mother is so are her sons and daughters. If a family of children are bleessed with an intelligent mother, who is dainty and refined in her manners, and does not consider it necessary to be one woman in the drawing room and an entirely different person in her every-day life, but who is a true mother and always a tender, charming woman, you will invariably see her habits of speech and perfect manners repeated in her children. Great, rough men, and noisy busy boys, will always tone down their voices and step quietly, and try to be more mannerly, when she stops to give them a kind word and pleasant smile—for a true woman will never fail to say and do all the kind and pleasant things she can, that will in any way help to lift up and cheer those whose lives are shaded with care and toil The mother of to-day rules the world to-morrow. Think of it, dear sisters, and guard well your home treasures.

BE COURTEOUS —There are a thousand little courtesies and salutations and compliments of life, but it would be well if there were still more of them. Bluntness does not mean honesty, and a recognition of whatever is good in men does not mean insincerity. It would be promotive of happiness if every time men descended in the morning they would look for that which is comely and praiseworthy, and single it out, and tell it to their wives. Oh, if men would only court after they are married as they do before, what joy there would be! What praise there would be distributed among the community! But the faults of men are generally first thought of, and are condemned. There are a multitude of little, imperfect, irregular things in human conduct; and a man says: "I am not one of those who go around and flatter folks; I tell them what I think of them; if they have faults I hit them strong." But it is not necessary to be hard and repellant and unsympathetic in order to be honest There is good as well as evil in men, and it is surely as worthy of recognition.—*Christian Union.*

THE SEA.—There is something, says Hazlitt, in being near the sea like the confines of eternity. It is a new element, a pure abstraction. The mind loves to hover on that which is endless and forever the same. People wonder at a steamboat, the invention of a man, managed by man, that makes its limpid path like an iron railway through the sea. I wonder at the sea itself, the vast leviathan, smiling in its deep, waked into fury, fathomless, boundless, a huge world of water drops. Whence is it? where goes it? is it of eternity, or of nothing? Strange, ponderous riddle, that we can neither penetrate nor grasp in our comprehension; ebbing and flowing like human-like, and swallowing it up in thy remorseless womb—what art thou? What is there in common with thy life and ours who gaze at thee? Blind, deaf, and old, thou seest not, heareth not, understandest not; neither do we understand who behold and listen to thee. Great as thou art, unconscious of thy greatness, unwieldly, enormous, preposterous, twin-birth of matter! rest in thy dark, unfathomed cave of mystery, mocking human pride and weakness. Still is it given to the mind of man to wonder at thee, to confess its ignorance, and to stand in awe of the stupendous might and majesty, and of its own being, that can question thine!

If you have too much music in your sole, soak the bottom of your shoes.

Varieties.

Less dancing and more fish-balls in Lent.

The young man's first razor—his father's boots.

What popular cry fully describes an incipient moustache? "Down in front."

Appearances are deceiving. The counterfeit nickels have the motto, "In God we trust."

In Germany the bag-pipe is called "Constantinoplitanische Dudelsackpfeife."

The oldest sort of fire escape on record is the fond husband who lies abed mornings.

What is wanted in this country just now is a company to insure the insurance companies.

A man with a night-key may be said to be a stylish fellow, for he is generally "the last thing out."

A "young married wife" was among those who sought the prayers of the Plymouth congregation.

Rev. Mr. Trotter has been called to an Iowa church. He ought to get through his sermons in good time

Little darkey to the clerk at the window of a Southern post-office: "Does dis yer pos' ofis keep stamped antelopes?"

If our fashionable ladies were half as high-souled as they are high-heeled, we should think better of the upper classes.

"Did you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" the coroner asked the witness. "Yes, sir; we searched the pockets," was the honest reply.

It is thought that the time will yet come when members of the choir will be expected to behave during divine service, just as well as other folks.

A Virginia bridegroom over seven feet high is announced. The affair created considerable sensation, but it is believed she only married him to go chestnuting with.

"What does 'Good Friday' mean?" asked one school-boy of another.—"You had better go home and read your 'Robinson Crusoe,'" was the withering reply.

"What do you get from iodine?" asked the medical professor. "We get—a-ah—usually get idiotic acid," yawned the student. "Have you been taking some?" quietly asked the professor.

A lady who was more favored by fortune than by education, at a party she gave, desired her daughter to play that fashionable malady she got last week.

The light that flies from Beauty's eyes is never more grateful to a susceptible young man than when it flashes in response to his deposit of a pint of peanuts in Beauty's lap.

"Wealth begins in a good pump that yields you plenty of sweet water," says a philosopher. Many opulent milkmen owe their fortunes to a knowledge of this fact.

"Jury," said a Western judge, "you kin go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used" The jury returned a verdict of suicide in the ninth degree.

What this country needs, says a down-town lady, is a religion which will make a man feel that it is just as cold for his wife to get up and build a fire as it is for himself.

When the Rhode Island militia paraded the other day you might hear the officers thunder forth their commands: "Guide right; steady, men; don't push any one over into Connecticut!"

An up-town girl sat on her lover's hat, and kept him three hours over time The next time that young man goes to see his girl he should hang his hat on a nail, instead of holding it in his lap.

Mrs. Cora Bland is lecturing on "The Women who Think." If the lecture includes those who think about dress and beaux to the exclusion of everything else, it must be about fourteen nights long.

"Why, my dear fellow," whispered a friend, "I did not know you were so badly maltreated in the affair." "Nor I neither," sobbed the victim, "till I heard my lawyer a tellin' the jury all about it!"

Cider plays a great part in a Norman wedding. A young girl is seated upon a full cask, and she must drink both the first and last glass it contains in order to be married within a year.

Venus is morning star now, but her boy Cupid is at his greatest brilliancy Sunday nights. He reaches his greatest elongation by Wednesday night, but is in perigree again pretty soon.

A society has been formed in Siberia which compels all males to marry when of age, and makes the wife the head of the family, and the husband a marked subordinate There are a good many families in this commonwealth that are run on the Siberian plan.

A German looked up at the sky, and remarked: "I guess a leedle it vill rain sometime pooty quick." "Yees do, eh?" replied the Irishman. "What business have yees to purtend to know anything about American weather, ye furriner?"

An absent wife is thus advertised for: "Jane, your absence will ruin all. Think of the children, your parents, your husband. Return, return; all may yet be well! At any rate, enclose the key of the cupboard where the gin is."

"It is not good to be alone," say the philosophers. If one of these philosophers were to find himself in the company of a lively and entertaining bull in a two-acre lot, surrounded by a high fence, he might change his opinion.

A young Parisian, accomplished in the whole duty of a second in duels, threw a shadow over a recent wedding by the ill-timed professional exclamation: "Gentlemen, can't this affair be arranged? Is there no way of preventing this sad occurrence?"

The Middletown Transcript

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

Edward Reynolds.

TERMS—$2.00 a year, payable in advance. No paper discontinued until so ordered, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES FOR ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements of less than one inch in space will be inserted at the rate of ten cents a line for first insertion, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.—Rates for one inch and over, as follows:

Space.	1 wk.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
1 inch,	$ 75	$ 1 50	$ 3 00	$ 5 00	$ 8 00
2 "	1 25	2 50	4 50	6 75	12 00
3 "	1 75	3 50	6 00	9 00	16 00
4 "	2 25	4 50	8 00	12 00	20 00
¼ col.	3 50	7 00	10 00	15 00	28 00
½ "	6 00	12 00	18 00	30 00	56 00
1 "	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00	100 00

Business Locals and Special Notices 10 cents a line for each insertion. Obituaries charged for at the rate of 5 cents per line of eight words. Marriages and deaths inserted free.

TERMS: Cash in advance, invariably.

SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1877.

LOCAL AND STATE AFFAIRS.

To-morrow will be Easter Sunday.

The Vendues are over for this season.

A dog, accused of having hydrophobia, was killed on the Brandywine, near duPont's, last wesk.

Last Monday 7,400 herring were caught at a single haul in the canal locks at Delaware City.

John M. Dunn has been re-appointed U. S. Marshall for the district of Delaware. Nobody else wanted it.

Dr. William Harris, an old and well known citizen of Milford, formerly of Lewes, died on Thursday, aged 78 years.

Read S. M. Reynolds' new advertisement and, reading, profit by what you read. Go examine his stock and prices

The Legislature adjourned *sine die* last Friday evening, and that was the best act they passed during the session.

The store of Robert Reynolds, in Wilmington, was broken into on Wednesday night and robbed of a small amount of money.

The Governor has appointed Henry S. Truitt a special constable for Wilmington, under the act of the Legislature passed two y ears ago.

Mr. Edwin H. Pendleton, a Democrat candidate for Council at the last election, left Wilmington on Wednesday, to settle in Nashville, Tenn.

The *Commercial* will, if report says true, become merged into the *Every Evening* next week and cease its existence as a separate and distinct publication.

Dr. E. O. Shakespeare, formerly of Dover, but now residing in Philadelphia, has been elected auxiliary professor in the Medical University of Pennsylvania.

The heaviest interest of the year in Wilmington will be paid at the Treasurer's office on Monday next, amounting to $8,031, or six months interest on $267,700.

J. Frank Mancha, real estate agent, has sold for Monroe Snell, of Baltimore, a farm of 60 acres near Canterbury, to E. A. Collins of Philadelphia, for $4,000.

A colored man named Daniel Harris, residing near Felton, while sitting before an open fire place on last Monday night, was taken with a fit, and died on Tuesday morning.

"Subscriber" must excuse us from publishing his communication. When a man writes an article for the press and puts his name to it, those who reply to him should do the same.

On Monday morning the 19th, Charley Porter, of Felton, had his leg broken while engaged in loading cars on the siding. Dr. Hargadine was called in and rendered medical aid.

Mr Short, the ex-county Treasurer of Sussex, paid $2,000 on the county indebtedness on Tuesday last, by order of the Levy Court. This reduces the county debt to a very small figure.

Mr. George P. Parker, of Dover, while hewing a large axle on Friday, slipped and fell, causing the axle to fall on his leg, breaking it just above the ankle. Dr. Isaac Jump reduced the fracture.

The Managers of the P. A. & P. A. have removed their office from Main street to North Broad and now occupy the building formerly used by G. W. Ingram & Co., adjoining the grocery store of S. S. Holten.

More "moving" was done this year than has been done before in Middletown for a good many years. After moving furniture till they got tired some of them went to work and moved a house from Main street and put it on Scott.

On Monday night, the 19th, the stores of J. W. Stevens and Solomon Townsend, of Camden, were broken into by thieves, the former being robbed of about fifty dollars, and the latter of small change to the amount of one dollar.

A pair of runaway horses attached to a carriage collided with Mrs. Jonathan E. George's carriage, near New Castle last week, upsetting the latter and spilling the occupants. Mrs. George was somewhat hurt, but not dangerously so.

There is in the almshouse of Sussex county an old colored woman who has been there a pauper for at least fifty years. No one seems to know her age, but to judge from appearances she should be put down as a Centennial blossom.

James Graves, colored, not fearing the law and Sheriff Grubb's cat, appropriated a gun and some chickens, the property of a Mill Creek Hundred farmer, and was, in consequence, sent over to the "Gray Stone" as he couldn't give bail.

Wickersham's Bombay Hook farm and marsh lands were sold at Smyrna on Monday. The amount sold was 3,805 acres, which was bid in for Mrs. Lydia A. W. Pyle, of Westchester, Pa., for $6,725, to cover her mortgage of $10,000. There is between 200 and 300 acres of fine land in the farm.

The *Milford News* says that the friends of ex-U. S. Judge George P. Fisher are circulating petitions to have him appointed a Territorial Judge in Dakota or Wyoming. They ought to be able to get a good many signers to that petition. Fisher ought to have the appointment by all means. Should he get it, he might take Richard Harringson with him as his District Attorney. Thus two favors would be conferred upon Delaware at once. And if the Judge's court could only be located well up in the Black Hills there is no telling what vast advantages might arise from his appointment. Let him have it by all means.

Man Missing from Lewes.

The Georgetown *Journal* of last week says: William Schofield, of Lewes, has been missing for some time. He was last seen at Fenwick's Island, and it is supposed that he was murdered and thrown into the river as his hat was found on the shore the day after his disappearance. It is stated that he had a disagreement with some man on the Island, and that the suspected party has disappeared.—Schofield has been for several years employed on the pier at Lewes and is well known in that section.

New Boot and Shoe Store.

Mr. S. B. Kelly has taken the store room lately occupied as an office by the Managers of the Agricultural and Pomological Association, and opened a new Boot and Shoe Store.

Reduction of Taxation.

The *Gazette* claims that the Legislature has met the wishes of its constituency in the reduction of taxation. The aggregate reduction of taxation for the current year will, the *Gazette* thinks, amount to about $58,000, which is certainly a creditable showing.

Personal.

Prof. A. S. Wright the newly chosen principal of the public schools of Middletown moved into town, from Port Penn, on Wednesday and took possession of the Academy building. His arrival was the signal for the departure of Prof. Stevens, who removed to Port Penn to take charge of the school vacated by Mr. Wright. Thus, like the blacksmith they just changed places.

Death of a Former Resident of this Hundred.

John Arnold Moody, a former resident of St. Georges Hundred, and well known to most of the people of this town and vicinity, where he has many relatives, died after a short and severe illness, of pneumonia, at his residence, near Newark depot, last Saturday afternoon. His remains were interred in Forest Cemetery, near Middletown, on Wednesday last.

Sussex County Taxes.

The *Journal* says: The rate of county tax has been placed for the year 1877 at 45 cents, and the assessment as returned by the Levy Court is very far below that of 1872, hence the taxes in this county will be considerably less than last year. If nothing unforeseen should occur the county debt will be liquidated by March, 1878, and the county will have a fair balance and be able further to reduce the rate of taxation.

Spring Opening.

Messrs. Meier & Brother, of Philadelphia, announce to their friends and customers and the public generally, the opening of their handsome stock of cassimeres, cloths and vestings for gentlemen's spring and summer wear. The superior work of the Meiers is well known to a great many persons in this community and these will second our suggestion that whoever wants nice clothes, and wants them to fit him *right*, will get just what they want without fail if they go to Meier's.

Death of Dr. Edward Worrell.

Dr. Edward Worrell, formerly of Delaware City, but recently resident in Philadelphia, died suddenly in that city last Sunday evening. He was born in Wilmington in 1803, graduated at the old Pennsylvania College of Surgery, and served in the United States Army as Surgeon from 1823 to 1843, when he returned to Delaware and pursued the practice of his profession. For some years past he has been quite prominent as a Democratic politician, and was presiding officer of the State Convention that nominated the present Governor, in 1874.

The New Castle Jail.

Philadelphia *Bulletin*: As nobody has escaped from the jail in New Castle, Del., for at least three weeks, the occupants of that phenomenal institution have concluded that its reputation was in jeopardy and determined to do something to preserve it. Accordingly, on last Wednesday night week three prisoners punched half a dozen bricks out of the wall and calmly walked off. The event caused no excitement. There is excitement only when the prisoners resolve to remain in the jail. Then the feelings of the authorities are hurt.

School Elections.

This day week being the first Saturday in April the School elections in the various districts of the State for commissioners and clerks will be held on that day. The two districts which compose the schools in Middletown having been united by an act of the Legislature at its late session, the election will be held at the Academy building in the town. The officers to be chosen are a clerk for District 94 *vice* John A. Reynolds term expired, and a commis ioner in No. 60 in place of E. W. Lockwood, whose term has also expired.

Another Robbery in Day Light.

About noon Thursday some thieves entered through the store into the house of Mr. T. J. Giles the undertaker on Shipley street between Second and Third streets, while the family were at dinner. The thieves passed on up-stairs to Mrs. Giles' bed-room, and ransacked it completely. They carried away six pairs of pantaloons, two vests, shirts, stocking, and all the clothing belonging to Mrs. Giles, with the exeption of what she had on, a gold watch and chain, half a dozen silver forks. Mrs. Giles says she is positive that it was done while they were at dinner, for she had been in her room about 11½ o'cl'k for a shawl, and at that time there did not seem to be anything disturbed.—*Wilmington Herald.*

Wedding.

On Wednesday evening of last week, quite a large company assembled at the house of Mr. Cloud Pierson. The occasion was the marriage of Mr. Frank Richard to Miss Ella Pierson. At a few minutes after 8 o'clock, the happy couple made their appearance in the parlor, and in a very few minutes were united in wedlock, the Rev. J. L. Vallandigham performing the ceremony. The bride was handsomely dressed in white, and the groom in a full suit of black. At about 10 o'clock the Citizen's Cornet Band made their appearance on the front porch, and after playing several tunes were invited into the house, and refreshments served. Here more music was played for about an hour, when the band quietly withdrew, leaving the company to enjoy the festivities. May health and happiness attend the happy couple.—*Newark Record*

Nipped in the Bud.

In the country, not a thousand miles from Wilmington, lives a wealthy gentleman whose only daughter is pretty and sweet seventeen. Her lover is a worthy young man but does not possess the requisite that makes worth attractive—his pockets are not gold lined. She smiled upon him, however, and he, acting on the presumption that the stern parent would not favor his suit, said naught to him but urged the young lady to elope. Her father played the eaves-dropper and overheard the conversation in which she consented, and when she asked permission to leave home to visit some friends it was graciously granted. According to the programme the two were to meet at the depot in Wilmington, on Friday, and take the train north, and the programme was carried out up to a certain point. They met and were about to step on the train, when the young lady's father stepped up to her, politely raised his hat and smilingly offered his arm, which the young lady accepted, while her lover looked on in blank amazement and simply ejaculated, "Well, I'll be darned."

The old gentleman was not at all angry, and is understood to have said that if the young party had acted like a man he might not have had very serious objections, but he did object to his mode of procedure. The circumstance is related by one who says he knows, but declines to give the names.—*Ev. Evening.*

EASTERN SHORE MATTERS.

A tenement house on the farm of M. Emanuel, near Easton, was destroyed by fire last week.

A man named Semans, living near Elkton, attempted to hang himself recently, but was cut down in time.

A twelve-year-old son of Frank Neal, near Concord, Carolina county, fell into a fire last week and was burned to death.

Solomon Taylor, (colored) living near Cokesbury, Cecil county, died on Tuesday, at the advanced age of 110 years.

One hundred and fifteen separate parcels of real estate are advertised at public sale for the payment of taxes in Talbot county.

Richard McFarland, for many years cashier of the National Bank of Elkton, has resigned and Chas. B. Finley been elected in his stead.

English peas planted in February in Wicomico are up and looking well. The snow which came on St. Patrick's day, seems to have done them but little harm.

Mr. Stephen Pluck, overseer of the Cecil county alms house, states that in three nights week before last one hundred and ten tramps stopped at that place for lodging.

The following persons have been elected town commissioners of North East, Cecil co.: T. W. Nowland, B. F. Thomas, Wm. Simcoe, H. Shallcross and James Roney.

C. C. Waller, agent at Princess Anne, Md., resigned and moved to Kirkwood, on Wednesday, where he will take the place of the late Wm. Magens, as station agent.

James P. Dudley, register of wills for Queen Anne's county, died at Centreville on Tuesday, aged 70 years. Mr. Dudley was a prominent and highly esteemed citizen.

A lady sat in the Court room at Elkton, on Tuesday week, while an interesting case was depending, busily engaged in working in worsted, the motto—"Peace be unto this house."

Mrs Mary W. Pitts, of Worcester, widow of the late Judge Pitts, and sister of Hon Geo. R. Dennis, United States Senator, of Maryland, died suddenly at Portsmouth, Va., on Sunday last.

On Saturday, two Elkton butchers tried to drive a calf across a foot bridge. The calf crossed safely, but both drivers fell into the water. Moral: Don't mix your drinks when you drive calves.

SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—The farm on Bohemia Manor belonging to the heirs of Richard J. Foard deceased, has been sold to R. J. Foard, of Massey's, Kent county, one of the heirs, for $75 per acre.

Solomon's Island has been sold to a company of Philadelphians for $15,000. It is stated that they purpose buiding a hotel and numerous cottages on the Island and converting it into a summer resort.

The Cambridge *News* says the assessors found less than fifty thousand dollars worth of stocks in Dorchester county last year, thirty thousand of which were owned by one man in Cambridge. The amount usually held by the citizens of the county is over a million of dollars, but they disposed of them last year in order to avoid the tax, and repurchased after the assessment.

The new assessment in Queen Anne's county, amounts to $6,553,603, a falling off of $1,791,588, which is said to be due to the very high assessment of real estate in 1866 rather than to any depreciation of value.

A BLIND GUNNER SHOOTS HIS WIFE AND CHILD.—Wm. Biles, living near Blue Ball, in the fourth district, is afflicted with almost total blindness. His reserved faculties, however, wonderfully compensate for the loss of sight, and he has the power to aid himself to a remarkable degree. He is a farmer, and superintends his own affairs, knows all his horses and cattle, can recognize color by the touch, is a skillful horseback rider, and frequently indulges in the fox chase and other sports for which a pair of good eyes are supposed to be necessary. He even indulges in gunning, and can bring down his game day or night, guided in his aim by noises inaudible to a person of good sight. On Wednesday evening of last week he detected the presence of a robber about his outbuildiugs, and seizing his gun went in search of but failed to find the marauder. Returning to the house, his gun fell apart as he attempted to put it away, and the shock fired it off, the load taking effect in the bodies of his wife and child. Both were seriously but not dangerously hurt.—*Cecil Democrat.*

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—We briefly stated that a tax collector in Dorchester county had been robbed of $1,700 by highwaymen on Monday. The Federalsburg *Courier* gives the following account of the affair: "On Monday night last, as Mr. John H. Noble, collector for districts Nos. 2 and 12 of this county, was driving in an open buggy from East New Market to Cabin Creek, he was assailed and dragged from his buggy and robbed of a sum of money amounting to $1,723. The occurrence took place near a pine thicket, between Webster's branch and Mr. Isaac H. Wright's a little beyond the branch. Before reaching the branch Mr. Noble observed a horse attached to a carriage standing near the road, and two men farther on. The parties accosted him familiarly, and approaching the buggy from behind suddenly seized and snatched him backward into the road and robbed him as before mentioned, leaving him in a semi-unconscious and bruised condition. He managed however to get into his buggy and drive to Cabin Creek, from which point he was sent to his home, near this town, in a wagon.—This outrageous robbery has excited intense feeling and comment, and the more so because such occurrences are unusual and indeed nearly unknown in this part of the world. The county commissioners have offered a reward of $100 for the apprehension and conviction of the person or persons who committed the assault and robbery."

HOW ANNA DICKINSON MAKES LOVE.—Anna Dickinson is a failure in the love scenes in her plays. When the experienced actor sidles up to her and reaches his arms around her rigid waist, she grabs him by the wrist and holds him off at arms' length while he says his piece, and then, when she reaches the melting moment, and lowers her head to let it droop upon his shoulder, the constrained action is so like the gesture of a venerable William goat in the act of assisting a passing boy over a pasture feuce that the audience gleefully look to see the unhappy lover butted clear over into the orchestra fiddles, and there is a general murmur of disappointment when he braces his feet and receives the droop of her head with a scarcely audible grunt.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The New York *Tribune* is authority for the statement that several statesmen have signified their willingness to serve on the Louisiana commission provided the President will insure them against any invitation to a quadroon ball. On the other hand, it is announced that the quadroon girls of New Orleans are looking anxiously with their pink eyes for the new commission.

For Sale.

A quantity of Building Stone, suitable for Cellars and underpinning.

Apply to WM. FLINTHAM, or to W. W. WILSON, Middletown, Del.

mar 17-1m

Business Locals.

ENVELOPES of all sizes, and letter heads with business cards, furnished, very cheap at the TRANSCRIPT office.

What is pleasanter these nice, bracing mornings than getting up and taking a walk of four or five miles before breakfast? Nothing, certainly; unless it is lying in bed and thinking about it.

New lot of Cook Stoves just received at LINDLEY & KEMP'S.

Milk Pans, cheap for cash at ELIASON & BENSON'S.

Even as we bid people a Happy New Year comes the thought: how many new styles of stand-up collars shall we have before the year is dead?

Hams, Shoulders, Sides, Beef (smoked), at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Ladies' Cassimere Slippers, 35 cts per pair, at ELIASON BROS.

When a Texas man tells his wife that there will be company in the evening she bustles about and gets the shot gun in order, while he takes the shovel and sallies forth to dig a few graves.

All kinds of Plow Castings at LINDLEY & KEMPS'.

Atmore's Mince Meat, 11 cts per pound, at ELIASON BROS.

The most glowing passages in a minister's sermon will attract scarcely half the attention that centres on the man who blows his nose in church.

Star Skirt Braids 7 cents Cash, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Slate Mantles from the celebrated Keystone Works, from $61 to $100. at ELIASON & BENSON'S.

The man who wins a Centennial prize, and who don't advertise it, is as bad as the man who buys a ten-thousand-dollar oil painting and then presents it to a blind asylum.

Buffalo Robes, Horse Blankets, Carriage Whips, in stock and for sale by S. M. REYNOLDS.

U 0 2 C our stock of Ladies' Silk Ties and Handkerchiefs, at ELIASON BROS.

A Memphis prisoner, who hated to see two lawyers disgrace the court-room by fighting, walked out, and was unfortunate enough to get lost. He has not been heard of since.

The Improved Philadelphia Water Closets and Bath Tubs, Copper, Zinc, Lead or Tin lined, at ELIASON & BENSON'S.

Harness and Machine Oils at LINDLEY & KEMP'S.

If you have a good sister, love and cherish her with all your heart. If you have none, why then love and cherish the good sister of some other man with all your heart.

Slate Mantels, in Egyptian, Tennessee, Verd Antique, Corsican Green, and many other colors, at ELIASON & BENSON'S.

Good, heavy long leg Boots for men's wear $2 25, 2 50, 2 75 and 3 00, for sale by S. M. REYNOLDS.

"So you wouldn't take me to be twenty?" said a rich heiress to an Irish gentleman, while dancing the polka. "What would you take me for, then?" "For better or worse," replied the son of the Emerald Isle.

Babbit Soda, 3 cents per paper, and Coffee Essence 3 cents per box, at ELIASON BROS.

Get your Tin-Ware repaired at the Middletown Stove House. LINDLEY & KEMP.

A Western editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says: "It is such kindnesses as these that always brings the tears to our eyes"

Gents' Fine Balbriggan Half Hose, Silk Handkerchiefs, Scarfs, Ties and Bows in great variety, at ELIASON BROS.

Roofing and Spouting, done by practical workmen, and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases, at ELIASON & BENSON'S.

An exchange remarks that "some people are wholly unable to appreciate delicate irony." We have observed this ourselves, particularly in the case of wash-women and shirt bosoms.

Stove repairs of all kinds at LINDLEY & KEMP'S.

Opened this day, a new case of CALICOES, warranted fast colors, at 6 cts. per yard, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

"Does this razor take hold well?" asked the smiling barber. "Yes," replied the unhappy victim, "it takes hold well, but it don't let go worth a cent."

Men's fine calf Dress Boots double and single sole, at $4 00, 4 50 and 5 00. Also, calf Congress Gaiters at $1 25, 1 50, 1 75, 2 50 3 00 and 4 00, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Briggs & Bros'. Garden Seeds—the best—for sale by ELIASON BROS.

P. T. Barnum has resolved to be a travelling showman no longer, but when it was announced that New Haven had a two-legged horse, his wife had to hide his hat.

DON'T FAIL to see the "ECONOMY COFFEE POT" at Eliason & Benson's, the most economical coffee pot ever manufactured.

The largest Stock of Hamburg Edgings in Middletown can be found at W. H. MOORE & CO'S.

In describing a new organ, a country editor says: "The swell died away in delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed-clothes."

The Best Paper Collar, 20 cts per box, at ELIASON BROS.

Harness Leather, Rings, Buckles and Sheep Skins, at LINDLEY & KEMP'S.

New No. 1, 2, & 3 Mackerel in barrels, half barrels, quarters and kitts; New Split Labrador Herring in barrels and half barrels, just received and for sale by S. M. REYNOLDS.

While a man was singing the other day "There's a good time coming," another man arose and said, "Would you kindly fix the exact date?"

A choice Rio Coffee, green, 25 cents, roasted 29 cents, CASH, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

Clark's O. N. T. Spool Cotton, 68 cents per dozen, at ELIASON BROS.

It was said of a great calumniator, and a frequenter of other persons' tables, that he never opened his mouth but at somebody's expense.

New Orleans and Porto Rico Molasses Choice Sugar Loaf Drips and Sugar House Syrups, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

"Gone to the bottom," Ladies' Fine Morocco Sewed Shoes, $1 per pair, at ELIASON BROS.

Love makes one hundred and twenty-eight pounds of girl feel no heavier than a feather on a fellow's lap.

A FRESH INVOICE, Bethlehem Buckwheat Flour and Oat Meal. Grits, the best in the market. For sale by S. M. REYNOLDS.

A splendid assortment of Gents' Fine Calf Boots and Alexis Buckle Shoes, at ELIASON BROS.

An Irish lover remarks that it is a great comfort to be alone, "especially when yer swateheart is wid ye."

A full line of Alpaca and Poplin Lustre's, at ELIASON BROS.

Boys' and Youths' Congress Gaiters, Balls., and Long Boots to fit all the little folks, at $1 25, 1 50 & 1 75. at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

A man whose voice was taxed to its utmost is requested to call around and see the assessor.

New No. 2 and 3 Mackerel. in barrels, half barrels and kits, New Split Labrador Herring in barrels and half barrels, just received at ELIASON BROS.

Ladies' 2-Button KID GLOVES, all colors, *warranted* Every pair that rips or burrs, exchanged for new ones. $1 per pair. S. M. Reynods.

The man who feathered his nest is supposed to have been a dealer in poultry.

Slocomb Mince Meat, Cranberries, Raisins, Citron, Prunes, etc., at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

A Choice Rio Roasted Coffee, at 25 cts per pound, at ELIASON BROS.

A New Hampshire man sends fourteen of his children to one school, and when they combine against the teacher he knows he can safely bet on the result.

Just received a splendid line of Hamburg Edging, from 3 to 50 cents per yard, at ELIASON BROS.

Clark's best Spool Cotton. 6 cents per Spool or 70 cents per dozen *Cash*, at S. M. REYNOLDS'.

A true picture of despair—a pig reaching through a hole in the fence to get a cabbage that lies a few inches beyond his reach.

One bale of heavy twilled Gray Flannels at 25 cents, same goods sold last season at 37½ cents. S. M. REYNOLDS.

"Sir, you are a political thing!—a perambulating monument of meanness—a bankrupt in everything but cheek!" "Boss, I don't understand German, but I'll drink with you!" The difficulty was settled on that basis.

Choice Brands Chewing and Smoking Tobacco, Fine Cigars and Cigarettes, for sale at ELIASON BROS.

A young man suffering from "hereditary gout," said he didn't mind the pain of it so much, "but," said he, "the thought that some old ancestor had all the fun of acquiring this precious heirloom is what takes hold of me."

Extra long leg, whole leather, double sole Men's Boots—warranted not to leak, rip or break until worn out with old age. Price, only $4 cash, at S. M. REYNOLDS

A gentleman questioning a little boy, said: "When your father and mother forsake you, Johnny, do you know who will take you up?" "Yes, sir," said he. "And who?" said the friend. "The police," was Johnny's reply.

Ladies' Two Button Kid Gloves, all colors, 90 cents per pair at ELIASON BROS.

"My son," said a stern parent to a seven-year-old hopeful, "I must discipline you—Your teacher says you are the worst boy in the school" "Well, papa," was the reply, "only yesterday she said I was just like my father."

Ladies in need of a nice Silk Dress, call at S. M. REYNOLDS' and look at those Guinet Black Silks at $1.00, $1 25, $1.50 and $1 75 per yard, just received direct from the importers.

JOINTS AND MUSCLES, stiff and painful with rheumatism and gout, are promptly relieved by Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Local diseases of the skin and defects of the complexion are also remedied by this standard article. Depot Crittenton's No. 7 Sixth Avenue, New York. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50 cents.

THE Supreme Court of the State of New York has decided that J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, have the sole right to use the words CHERRY PECTORAL for a medicine, and has issued an injunction against F. V. Rushton, of New York city, for selling Rushton's Cherry Pectoral or Cherry Pectoral Lozenges, or any other use of the name to deceive the public. This decision of the high court includes all dealers who sell any similar article. —*Port Jefferson (L. I.) Leader.*

Never Known to Fail.

Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound has never been known to fail in permanently curing obstinate coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, nor any diseases of the respiratory organs, and it does it, too, AT ONCE. It is not necessary to take it for a long time before you can discover its beneficial effects. Its sale in this community is immense, and its popularity universal. It should not be classed with compounds put up by inexperienced hands. Do not fail to give this great and potent remedy a trial. It will not and cannot disappoint you. Try it once. Trial size 10 cents. Regular sizes 50 cents and One Dollar. Sold by Adkisson & Co., Middletown, and H. P. Baker, Odessa.

Also agents for Prof. Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup, which is sure death to worms. Pleasant to take and requires no physic.—Price 25 cts. Try it. tm1

Nervous Debility.

Vital weakness or depression: a weak exhausted feeling, no energy or courage; the result of mental over work, indescretions or excesses, or some drain upon the system, is always cured by Humphreys' Homœopathic Specific No. 28. It tones up and invigorates the system, dispels the gloom and despondency, imparts strength and energy, stops the drain and rejuvenates the entire man. Been used twenty years with perfect success by thousands. Sold by dealers. Price $1 per single vial, or $5 per package of five vials and $2 vial of powder. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address Humphreys' Homœopathic Medicine Co., 562 Broadway, N. Y. See large advertisement.

A TIME-HONORED SPECIFIC.—The long and successful career of Dr. Wishart's Pine Tree Tar Cordial as contrasted with the speedy collapse of nostrums devoid of efficacy which have from time to time been puffed into brief notoriety during the twenty odd years that this celebrated medecine has been sold, affords a proof that the American public *continues* to repose its confidence in deserving articles only. The Pine Tree Tar Cordial has long been recognized as the leading specific for Consumption, Brouchitis, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Diptheria and all other diseases of the breathing organs. It is, moreover, a certain, speedy, and safe botanic remedy for Dyspepsia, Liver Disorders, Scrofulus Affections, Urinary Troubles, Gravel, Dropsy, Debility, Constipation, and Female Complaints. Constantly accumulating evidence of an unimpeachable character establishes the fact that it not only entirely eradicates the diseases to which it is adopted, but also that its action is remarkably prompt and thorough. The crucial test of experience has demonstrated its reliability in every particular. Sold by all druggists. Principal depot, No. 916 Filbert Street, Philadelphia.

FALSE IMPRESSION.

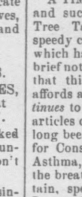
It is generally supposed by a certain class of citizens, who are not practical or experienced, that Dyspepsia can not invariably be cured, but we are pleased to say that GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER has never, to our knowledge, failed to cure Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint in all its forms, such as Sour Stomach, Costiveness, Sick Headache, palpitation of the Heart, low spirits, &c., &c. Out of 30,000 dozen bottles sold last year, not a single failure was reported, but thousands of complimentary letters received from Druggists of wonderful cures. Three doses will relieve any case. Try it. Sample bottles 10 cents—Regular size 75 cts. For sale by your druggist, H. Chamberlaine, Middletown, or H. P. Baker, Odessa.

GOOD ADVICE.

Now is the time of year for Pneumonia, Lung Fever, &c. Every family should have a bottle of BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP. Don't allow for one moment *that* cough to take hold of your child, your family or yourself. Consumption, Asthma, Pneumonia, Croup, Hemorrhages, and other fatal diseases may set in Although it is true GERMAN SYRUP is curing thousands of these dreaded diseases, yet it is much better to have it at hand when three doses will cure you. One Bottle will last your whole family a winter and keep you safe from danger. If you are consumptive, do not rest until you have tried this remedy. Sample Bottles 10 cents. Regular size 75 cents. Sold by your druggist, H. Chamberlaine, Middletown, or H. P. Baker, Odessa.

Miscellaneous Adv's.

CUCUMBER PUMPS!



HAVING MADE ARRANGEMENTS with the manufacturer of the Blatchley Cucumber Wood Pumps, whereby I am enabled to sell them much lower than heretofore. I now offer these pumps, which are unquestionably the best Cucumber Wood Pumps in the market, at greatly reduced, and TRULY VERY LOW PRICES.

I also keep another and cheaper Cucumber Wood Pump, which is equal to any other Cucumber Wood Pump that is made—Blatchley's excepted. These pumps I can sell as LOW AS THE LOWEST.

I have also completed an arrangement with "THE GLOBE MIXED PAINT COMPANY," to have for sale their excellent and handsome mixed Paints—all colors—for house painting, and ready mixed for immediate use.

Quality guaranteed equal to the best, and the CHEAPEST PAINT IN THE MARKET.

Send for circular, color-card, and prices before purchasing elsewhere.

G. E. HUKILL, Opposite the Railroad Depot, feb 17-3m Middletown, Del.

For Rent.

The House and Store in Odessa, now occupied by Clayton Wilds. For terms apply to mar 10-3t CHARLES TATMAN.

NOTICE!

All persons having claims against the Road Commissioners of St. Georges Hundred in orders for labor or anything else, are hereby notified to present the same, or a statement of the number and amount of the order, to the undersigned Commissioners, on or before APRIL 9th, next. Claims not presented by that time will not be recognized.

THOS. J. CRAVEN, CHAS. A. CLEAVER, East District. M. E. WALKER, West District.

Delaware Gazette copy two times and send bill to this office.

Miscellaneous.

TO THE PUBLIC.

THE subscriber would call the attention of the public to the large and well-selected

Stock of Goods,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Dry Goods, Notions,

GROCERIES,

BOOTS AND SHOES,

HATS, HARDWARE,

Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware, Earthen and Stone Ware,

FISH, MEATS, &c.

AND EVERYTHING USUALLY KEPT IN A

First Class Country Store.

All of which have been selected with care, and will be sold

At Prices in accordance with the times.

GIVE US A CALL BEFORE PURCHASING ELSEWHERE

NO CHARGE FOR SHOWING GOODS.

CHAS. TATMAN, Jr.,

MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Jan 1, 1876—tf

TRUSTEE'S SALE

OF A

VALUABLE FARM,

IN KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.

By virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for Kent county, in Equity, the undersigned, as Trustee, will offer at Public Sale, at the Voshell House, in Chestertown, Md., at two o'clock on

Tuesday Afternoon, April 10th, 1877,

ALL THAT

TRACT OR PARCEL OF LAND,

KNOWN AS "HOWELL'S POINT,"

situated in Kent county, Md., upon the Chesapeake Bay, and containing

314 ACRES,

2 ROODS and 29 PERCHES,

more or less, it being the same real estate which was conveyed to Thomas Vandyke by Robert Polk and others.

Upon this property is a FRAME HOUSE, containing seven rooms, exclusive of the kitchen; a Frame Barn, Stable, Granary and Carriage House, all under one roof; and two small Frame Houses, suitable for farm hands.

A small portion of the Tract is in WOOD, consisting principally of a thrifty growth of young Chestnut. Upon the Farm are a small APPLE ORCHARD AND TWO PEACH ORCHARDS in full bearing, and containing together about seventy-five acres. The residue is arable land, and is divided into fields of convenient size. The soil is of a good natural quality, and has been improved by the use of lime and other fertilizers. The hedges and fences are in excellent condition.

This Farm is located in a healthy and thriving neighborhood, and adjoins the property on which Bernard's Wharf is situated. Steamers plying between Philadelphia and Baltimore stop regularly at this wharf, to receive and deliver passengers and freight, thus affording a rare opportunity to get peaches (which are grown very successfully on the Farm) into the Baltimore market within four or five hours after they are plucked.

THE TERMS OF SALE, prescribed by the decree, are: $6,000 to be paid in cash on the day of sale, and the residue to be paid in two equal instalments, payable respectively in one and two years thereafter; the credit payments to draw interest from the day of sale, and to be secured by the bond or notes of the purchaser, with a surety or sureties to be approved by the Trustee. These terms may probably be somewhat modified, by consultation with the Trustee before the day of sale. Cost of conveyance to be paid by the purchaser.

N. B.—The purchaser will be entitled to one-half the growing crop of wheat, after deducting one-half the cost of the phosphate applied thereto, and to one-half of all other crops maturing after the sale; and to full possession on January 1st, 1878.

☞ John P. Vandyke, Esq., upon the premises, will show the Farm to persons desiring to examine it.

CLINTON McCULLOUGH, Mar 17, 1877—ts Trustee, Elkton, Md.

Prince Hambleton.

This Thoroughbred Hambletonian Stallion will make this Season in Kent and New Castle counties, as follows:

At Dover, (Lewis' stables,) from 5th to 8th of March; at Smyrna, (Delaware House Stables) from 8th to 12th of March; at Middletown, (Maxwell's Stables,) from 12th to 16th of March; at Home, (on the farm of Rev. J. S. Willis, near Magnolia, from 16th to 20th of March, and likewise at the same places four days in about every two weeks the remainder of the Season.

Terms, $10, $20, and $30. Single Service, cash; Services by Season to be paid for at the end thereof; Insurance when the mare is ascertained to be with foal. Persons parting with a mare before she is ascertained to be with foal will be held for insurance. Persons breeding more than one mare can make special terms. 5o cents to the groom in each case.

PRINCE HAMBLETON is 8 years old, was bred by Mr. Meeker of Westport, Conn. His sire is the famous Winslow horse, otherwise Young Hambletonian, (Wallace's Trotting Register) his dam by Serman Morgan. Young Hambletonian, who was sold for $16,000, was sired by Rysdyke's Hambletonian, the greatest trotting sire known; his dam a thoroughbred mare by a son of Henry. Thus it will be seen that PRINCE HAMBLETON combines in a choice style the running with the trotting elements. He is a beautiful brown, full 15 3 hands in height, weighs 1100 pounds, and for beauty, style, and docility, is unsurpassed by any horse in the country. Though never specially trained for the track, yet he made, last fall, over New Haven Course, a record of 2 51.

The number of sires per horses trotting in 2 30 during the year 1875 was 162. Not 10 per cent. of these sired more than one performer. Of all who sired more than one, two-sevenths are Hambletonians; of all who sired more than three, all are Hambletonians—Hambletonian and his son Volunteer having sired five each.

WM. H. HICKEY, AGENT. feb29-3m

LIBERTY,

BY RYSDYK'S HAMBLETONIAN, dam by Seely's American Star, will make the season of 1877 at Middletown and vicinity.

TERMS—$30 to insure, $5 of which is certain money and to be paid in advance. The colts of this horse are now old enough to recommend themselves, and we invite their inspection.

Wilkes' Spirit of the Times, March 8th, '77, says of a horse, for sale in New York: "Volcano, chestnut stallion, sired by Liberty, dam a thorough-bred, has a perfect gait like the "Old Horse." Liberty by Rysdyk's Hambletonian, dam by American Star. For further information address

HAMBLETONIAN STOCK ASS'N, mar 17-tf Middletown, Del

FOR SALE.

Fifty Thousand Blandywine Raspberry Pl